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BLAH!

continued from page 12

Although I didn't really undress in front of them, I felt I couldn't refuse either of their requests.

Slendering up, I felt a little silly and ridiculed. Mary's help to pull my dress over my head and then as I stood there in just my bra, stockings and garter, I could feel some behind me undocking my bra, and then watched as Mary pulled it away.

"What gorgeous breasts you have, Sue!" Mary said. "They look so kissable!" And before I had a chance to reply her lips were on one of my nipples and seconds later Joanne was on the other. I knew I should protest, but their kisses were so beautiful I didn't, and neither did I object when we moved into the bedroom and lay on the bed.

As Mary continued kissing my breast, I watched Joanne undress, then rise over from Mary while she undressed, but



**BIG-CHESTED
AMERICAN
STRIPPERS
★ WITH ★
WEIRD NAMES**

PART 6

LORETTA LUMPS

**Don't say Lumps, say
Lumps, because that's
exactly the sort of role
you get from soft pillow
suspension like lovely
Lumpy 44-29-38 Loretta's,
who's one girl who knows
what rumper-lumper is.**



she didn't climb back on to the bed. Instead, Mary knelt on the floor, kissed me through my pants and then pulled them down to my legs. I knew I should tell her to stop when she started prying open my legs, but instead I willingly opened them wide and waited for the inevitable woman's tongue I had read so much about.

When at last her tongue buried over my love-lips, I almost screamed with delight, but this thrill was nothing compared to those which surged through my body when she began sucking and chewing my lips before delving between them with her tongue. They both must have felt me raising my dress, as in unison they both gave me all they'd got, and I moaned and groaned through a most wonderful orgasm.



continued on page 41

DAYLIGHT KNOBBERY



**The beautiful bitch was a wealthy widow
at last. Unfortunately, her brand of sex
didn't come into the terms of the will at all.**

When Little Dick came back from interviewing the widow, Mrs. Ramona Russell, he told his senior partner in an awed voice:

"How that fine red Mrs. Russell. I think I know how Mr. Russell died."

"How's that?" asked James First.

"Hokey," replied Last. "She

has a mouth that looks as if I could stick a teaspoon of water up a 50-foot pole."

"I see," said James, raising an eyebrow. "Then perhaps she explains the rather extraordinary will."

He unfolded the document lying at the corner of his office at the country solicitors, First, Last, Cobblers and Last. In the

two years since James had taken over the firm and turned a second, the legal offices at the highest level of Manchester had yielded nothing to equal the one.

Little Dick passed over James's shoulder and let out a low whistle when his eyes focused on the figure at the bottom of a balance sheet attached to the will. "I knew old Russell was mad all right, but

"No, no," said James, "look at the will itself." And the other men began to read aloud over his shoulder, skimming the document until he reached the first, and last:

"I give to my said wife and to both children and income absolutely, provided that one does not for a period of 12 calendar months following my

death indulge in sexual intercourse with any person other than each other as he thinks fit."

"I understand Russell was a good deal older than Ramona," James explained. "After the first Mrs. Russell died and left him to look after their two boys, he seems to have taken for Ramona in a big way — she used to be a model of some sort, I believe."

"I can see how he would feel for her," murmured Last. "Anyway that's another problem. And she wants to see you."

James viewed the prospect with some distaste. "Can't Dick Cobblers go?"

"No, she specifically asked for the senior partner. And anyway, in view of the terms of the will, 'Big Dick might not be the clearest choice."

"Naturally James agreed. 'Big Dick Cobblers had been a liability known James had avoided since he had bought the firm from Big Dick's uncle. Since then he had grown used of the younger Cobblers, slowly with the legendary wit and wit enough to match — Big Dick was not





called the just to distinguish him from the diminutive Dick Last. James had once overheard a blowy temp confiding in two giggly-eyed young secretaries about a date with Cobbles.

"So big?" the women had been giggling.

"How big?" breathed one of the "bystanders".

"Have you ever tried to get a big tomato in your mouth, all in one? Without biting it? Well, that was just the first! And once he got it all inside me — all I can say is, I didn't wake to work this morning. I hobbled!"

James considered the Cobbles' words were his own after, but he didn't like him frightening the girls. Cobbles bawled about, doing sloppy work but never quite bold enough to merit dismissal. James didn't mind it. Cobbles was funny like a horse, and he could handle the odd transgression, behind his back, that James must be a cold, queer fish because he wasn't married and didn't have a steady girlfriend. The truth at that point was that James was married to his work, and if Cobbles continued to screw up on the job as well as off it, James was going to find a way to get rid of him before too long.

As James drove up the long, winding drive to Russell's Georgian country house, he was impressed. The tall front door was opened after a while by Kettering, a hunched elderly man in a white jacket whose grunted features, outside James' own in impassivity, yet still managed to convey unmistakable disapproval. Without a word James was led down a long hall and into a magnificent drawing room where they found Ramona, Russell increasing a tall glass from a frosted bottle of Russian vodka.

The endow was a well-built woman with good, lightly tanned skin and improbably perfect blonde hair which fell in perfect waves to her bare brown shoulders and aggressive breasts, quite a lot of which, James barely noticed, were tumbling out of

her peach-coloured summer dress.

Ramona swivelled on James and abruptly poured on the honey.

"You must be Mr. First, the solicitor. Sorry about Kettering, he's posted publicly with his which James noted detachedly could probably suck the life of a space shuttle. "Kettering is an antique that came with all the rest here, I'm afraid," she went on, "and when I told them off to get rid of him, too. Who needs all the junk?" She gestured toward at the Georgian furniture, the family portraits, the library of leather-bound volumes. "Let alone all the security stuff to look after it," she added, pointing at the cameras and infrared eyes mounted high in the corners of the room. "Kettering is the only one who can work it. He may be a dried-up old stick, but surprisingly he's a wit with anything electrical. Are you good with your things, Mr. First?" she smiled warmly, looking towards him.

"It is a bit," said James, keeping his eyebrows between them as he shrugged on to an over-stuffed sofa, getting the closer beside her, commandingly. James also tried to mask her misanthropy and sat down in an upright chair several feet away.

Ramona covered the slight rebuff by leaning forward to take a cigarette from a silver box on the low table, offering James a good view down her tanned olive-drab. She took her time about lighting up, exhaled, held her wide eyes like a cat on him and said:

"Mr. First, I have a problem with the children. Have you read the will?"

"Yes I have," James replied. "It is unusual, but my conclusion was that your husband must have loved you very much."

"Yes, yes!" said Ramona, impulsively drawing her like husband and his jealous love with a wave of her cigarette. "But Mr. Hubble, he also said, what was it? I declare if my wife had my children

born under the care of my wife would find appropriate dry sarcasm." James completed for her.

"That's right," said Ramona. "Well, I'm afraid I won't do. As you may gather, I'm not exactly the Murray type," she smiled exasperatedly, "and I'm selling this dump as soon as I can. The boys can go to a good boarding school — they'll be better off, believe me."

Pushing aside the thought of two young children being orphaned and then turned out of their home, James said tentatively:

"Your husband's wishes though, seem quite clear. "But it's wish is unfortunately in law, isn't it?" cried Ramona triumphantly, as James tried rather feigned she would. "Technically, yes," James admitted. "But have you discussed this with the trustees?"

"Oh yes, Jimmy Twyman, quite some point of view," grinned Ramona. "He's all for the boys starting at Eton when he's this coming term."

I bet he is, thought James. Twyman was a varied, servile

though at his elbow, and he turned to see the butler, Kettering, presiding, her towards, some partially concerned, using.

James followed the old man wordlessly up the winding stairs, along several passages and then, down another flight of stairs, until they halted in front of a door. From inside came the muffled sounds of a struggle.

As they entered the room there was some confusion. Two small boys were wrestling on the floor, engaged on by a boogie — a Jack Russell and a golden retriever. Kettering stepped forward, seized the dogs gently and deftly by their collars and propelled them out to the lawn through open French windows.

Once the confusion had subsided, James saw that he was alone in the room with a strikingly pretty blue-eyed young girl with a mop of chestnut curls. Stretch game and a body shop several-stitch accentuated her late and athletic figure, and James couldn't help noting her large, round breasts.

As Ramona serviced him busily with her mouth, Dick's head knarled the opulent tits spilling from her dress.

accountant as well as. James happened to know, a distant acquaintance. Having been old Russell's accountant, Twyman's own interests would be best served by keeping well in with Ramona. And he also happened to be on the board of governors of Fyrmann's Hall, a boys' boarding school notorious for incidents between staff and young pupils.

"No," Ramona went on, inspecting him to look after there was anything. Like this girl 12 months ago, suddenly I'm not an attractive man — like you, for instance," she said, "kiss him again with his blaring brown eyes, and we wanted to do something about it — here and now, stop — who would know?"

James was hit by her high octave roar of lust words and his photographs, but he nodded calmly. "Naturally, the terms of the will are clearly workable. Your late husband was clearly relying on your special old affection for him. And your good faith."

Ramona got the message fast enough. Her face hardened and she said coldly: "I can see how nothing further to discuss. Mr. First Goodbye."

James rose, said goodbye and walked out of the room, feeling uncomfortable. He had almost reached the front door when there was a discreet

"Miss Bamford," she smiled, shaking hands. "I'm the boys' sunny. Sorry about the row."

"That is quite all right," grinned James in return. "How can I help you?"

"You've heard about Miss Russell's plans? Well, Kettering and I went to plant them. Not just for our jobs' sakes — for the boys, poor devils. And this place, it helps any way the will can be overruled?"

"Not unless Mrs. Russell backs the terms of it."

"I think about it," said Mary Bamford. "Can you prevent, though? Her's a justice, doing us or something?" Kettering and I would pay what we can." She looked James full in the face with her wide blue eyes and said softly, "And if you can help us, you'd find us very grateful."

"Glad to hear it," said James. His smile widened as an odd smile came. "Do you know, I believe I can do something. When's the trustees' meeting to tidy up the affairs here? Friday, isn't it? Listen, get Kettering back as here."

At the office on Friday morning, James called in Big Dick Cobbles and told him:

"I've tied up with clients all morning, Dick, and Miss Russell is coming in to tidy up to run over the details of the will, the specific legacies and

continued on page 62

testamentary episode) and so on. [She] has been with the trustees all morning, so he's a good fellow. [She] has to lunch at the Grosvenor and run through it with her. Would you? That brings her back to the Hall at about three to do the rest of the business with the trustees OK?"

"Will do, old boy," said Cobbledins with a self-satisfied smirk. "You thought James, I believe you will."

I was not at there but at something that afternoon that Mary Stamford, in a little black dress which she fitted most pleasingly, led the lot of the trustees into one drawing room. The last two were old Russell's best friend, a hard-faced ex-military man, Miss Kensington-Watts, and her equally ingemeral wife. The accountant, Twilman, was there, strictly. As they were given drink, James murmured to Mary, "Everything all?"

"Yes," she beamed. "They agreed a quarter of an hour ago, and [Russell] is at the monitor."

He began pounding away again, and she whimpered beneath him, gazing adoringly at his contorted face.

James nodded and, taking a deep breath, he stroked and accidentally belched on the wall television set in one corner, beneath which the red light of the video-recorder was already on. He murmured apologetically to the Major, "Just want to see the winner of the 2:15."

"Guilty, old man," said the Major, taking a self-pull at his ascot. "Then he was coming on it nicely at what came up on the screen. His noisy agitation made him at three other guests, but quickly towards to see."

It was a close-up of Ramsey's face, with the lips descended into a perfect red O by the massively thick cock sliding slowly in and out of her mouth. Though at first what she was, sucking could have been anything that was as long as a bicycle pump and as thick as a cucumber. A high-water mark of length and girth was visible: the bladed stem of the cock, whose corner to her side was wrapped in her long blonde hair, rising like a pebble held up and down on his shelf. But from the expression on her face and the way her hands were clutching the man's buttocks, Perkins needed no urging.

"Good Lord, it's Miss Russell!" thundered the Major, gasping any of the guests who had not already turned their attention to the screen, so

that now the entire small crowd gathered round the TV watching Ramsey bloodily sucking cock.

At that point the security camera reversed and controlled by Katherine, pulled back to reveal the man to be Dick Cobbledins, his penis and trousers round her ankles and his head buried back in Ramsey, still in her fur coat knee before him and serviced him busily with her mouth, while his hands kneaded the quivering skin of her from the front of her sedate dress.

Everyone heard Dick groan as he finally withdrew his head away from his best slugging. "Stop, an' let me I want to get this out!"

And then all heard Ramsey who was still fondling his balls moaning, "God, yes, I want you in that so badly."

Dick moved behind her, putting a hand on the back of her neck to keep her on her sick stockinged knees. With his other hand he teased up the back of the fur coat and her skirt, revealing a plump bottom strewn with suspender belt straps. From

behind her, Dick bent his knees, and then leaning down he black knuckled and pinched her buttocks. He pulled the shiny head of his cock between the cheeks of her bottom, and Ramsey, startled with a moan of shock and delight,

Dick's bare, hairy buttocks began to pump away again and again, and the guests listened to Ramsey gas, sucking rhythmic moans on men by and the stiff stick was thrust up into her. The high water mark of red lipstick around Dick's prick now disappeared within the gleaming dark curls, looking almost his Greek.

Then Dick bent further, grasped and lifted her stockinged legs on each side, so that Ramsey was forced forward on her hands, and he began working her round the room like a wheelbarrow, still banging away at her with the massive erection that controlled them. Ramsey, her face naked in sex, leaning her head back from the wrist down, was yelling as Dick, his face flushed, grunted and laughed.

This is the way the farmer rides.

At that point in the drawing room, Twilman, the accountant, who had rapidly relaxed when at this point, attempted to relieve the situation by saying, "Perhaps this is, or a video that Mrs

Russell made when she was in the entertainment world. "I really," the Major went out instantly, never taking his eyes off the screen. "And it's the stuff she was writing the morning. I'd know those teeth anywhere."

All eyes then returned to the screen as Ramsey cried out again, while Dick lifted her by the waist, tossed her on to the four-poster bed they had reached, ripped her over on to her back and with scarcely a groan, plunged 10 inches of his meaty girth into the dark cleft of her cunt and began pounding away again as she whimpered pitifully beneath him, [poking up adoringly at his contorted face].

"Oh fuck me," she moaned, "Come inside me!"

"Yes," said Dick with a cruel smile, suddenly stopping the movement of his hips. "Not until you beg for it!"

"Oh darling," pleaded Ramsey, her hands reaching out to stroke Dick's flat, muscle-sharped belly and the stiff stem of his cock that protruded from her. "Please, I beg you. Fuck me. Drive me in come make me come with you."

"All right," grunted Dick, "you want for it. I'll give you off the bed and stand her with her face to the wall. Assume the position," he ordered, and Ramsey, automatically, raised her hands above her head. Dick lifted her fur and with one deft movement slid his glittering tool into her from behind again. He began to slam into Ramsey's crotch speed, the measure length of his tool disappearing into her in a blur. The force of his thrusts was so great that Ramsey, gasping, was jerked up off her high-heeled with each stroke.

I couldn't last long. As a few of the guests were the being where a character was beginning to blink, Ramsey's cries rose to a great shriek, matched by Dick's moaning, gas as he jerked her to the wall while she squeaked and quivered again and again, within her. Finally they both slid to the floor in a tangle of bare limbs.

After long moments the

guests heard Ramsey's deeply furious as she mopped at her sucking belly and thighs with a soft hunched cry.

"Good, I needed that, you bastard. But now all I feel like go down and use for the others. Time to be a good girl again," and they both laughed.

James had to admit the episode with which the couple entered the drawing room a minute or two later, but it didn't do them any good. A funny Major Kensington-Watts (beamed smiling and said loudly and cooly:

"I never liked you, Mrs Russell. I certainly don't like your plans for the boys and the Hall. Now due to some quirk in the security camera, we've all been invited to the wedding of the two of you. There's a friend at Cobbledins' playing you dirty little games in your late husband's bedroom. And that means you have to fight to be here any more. So get out."

"And if you have any thoughts about disputing this, Mrs Russell," said James, tapping the video, "then free to use the services of Mr Cobbledins. Because as of this moment, the releasing her from our time, for professional reasons, she knows about the terms of the will. Dick. That makes it once too often."

The white-faced couple remained without a word. Station long Mary Stamford and James went left alone together. Mary looked on to the sole.

"Perfect! James! Happy days are here again!"

"And what about my reward?" said James, sliding in beside her.

Mary's hand, casually dropped to the front of her trousers, and squeezed what it found there.

"The waiter sir? Or am I just the TV show that got you horny?"

"Well," and James, raising her and slipping a hand up the front of her black dress, "whatever you have to make it stand up in court."

Elsewhere in the house, from his place at the security camera monitor screen, Ramsey smiled crookedly, adjusting the focus a little.





M Y C O N F E S S I O N

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

My Martin knows how to perk his members. He was extremely inside me, squirting between my legs as we lay in bed, when he said, "How would you like to be in our own little manual?"

It was just as well this was a happy early morning scene. BTW been up the middle of a good pounding, I might have been annoyed.

"You mean stick a video camera on the end of the bed?"

"Something like that."

"You're a desperate guy," I replied, as he started his cock on my pussy. "Mind you," I smiled. "I quite like the thought of having your family lay with us too!" I reached down between us and gave his shaft a swift squeeze as I felt willy in and out of me. "I could see you go up and down, when you're on business boys!" I giggled. Then gasped as he gave his cock an unexpected stir.

"Could we have a camera?"

I should have known there was a catch when his bumping speeded up.

"We heard about those people who do it all for you - apparently it's very popular! They're professionals."

I gasped, as he bumped my crotch. "Professional what?"

"Condoms . . ."

"I'm not having strangers staring at my bits!" I reminded his thigh. "Stop fucking me! I want to talk about this."

He closed down.

"I wouldn't do that - in front of anyone!" I threatened. "And neither could you! You'd be too embarrassed to show your willy!"

"Actually, it's a young couple."

"A girl, then?" I pressed, expectantly.

"And a very good-looking bloke!" He then altered. "Carol, I'm going to shoot my load."

"Oh, darling!" I gasped, stretched at his testicles, and pulled him into me, squeezing my slit against his cock.

We didn't actually come until he'd given me a good down deep, getting closer - more than enough to tip me over the edge. But that, I'm complaining, but I have a wonderful feeling it was a recommended destination.

Martin and I have been living together for three years. He's 34, he's 31. Of course, he's been married. The plan is to have much more experienced than I am - or we'd - and about 10 times as lively.

Our usual pattern was for him to be deep on me, making this one thing sure, which I usually ended up copying more than he did! But I was still very strong when "Susan and John" - not there real names, I'm sure - turned up one Saturday evening.

I'd expected someone lively, but John was slow, polite and dark, quite exactly dressed, probably a bit older than me, but with a generous, middle-aged face. Then Susan followed him, and my girl nearly hit the floor. He was in his mid-40s, dark, too, nicely styled and with the kind of breeding good looks you usually see in supermarket mail order catalogues.

"I can't take my clothes off in front of him," I hinted to Martin as we made them coffee in the kitchen.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I fancy him!" Martin laughed. "And don't tell us a you don't fancy her, either. She's a stunner!"

"Basically we try to put our wares on sale, and make it fun," Susan explained over coffee. "Besides me, there's nothing on here! It's a shame Susan's before. Now I suggest we go



squirmed and you two slip into something comfortable."

It took me three minutes to agree to give it a try. In the bedroom, Dennis and Julie thrust wild about as usual, squirming on the duvet. Martin and I got down in our underwear beside the bed.

"Oh, what lovely lingerie!" Julie cooed behind me. I blushed but it was my instant black silk set, with the dark stockings and suspender belt, and the flower-patterned bra and knickers. It had always had a sexy good effect on Martin. But I couldn't help a wry glance at Dennis's slowness.

"Oh yes!" he smiled at last. "It suits you perfectly, Lorna. Why don't you slip your top back on tonight? I think that would look really sexy. You've got a lovely little figure, you know."

I glanced and did as he suggested. Martin looked wary.

"There you are, your lovely boyfriend here can't get up on the bed and have a cuddle," Julie grinned, patting Martin's bare chest. That perked him up.

Finally, we climbed on to the bed, and snuggled each other self-consciously. Dennis lifted the radio remote and aimed near the end of the bed. I could feel him tense. Martin was

"Martin," Julie said, reading my mind, "let's relax if you rest off Lorna's bra for now."

"Oh, right," he mumbled as if it might never be so occurred to him. He finished buttoning my back. I grinned. He was acting like an inexperienced 13-year-old.

"Here," I said, sitting up and loosening the catch for him. He smiled awkwardly as the cups came loose in his hands. Then I noticed Dennis was rolling round the bed flat is close-up of my bare back, and blushed.

"Oh, let Dennis get a shot," Julie said. "He's got gorgeous breasts, Lorna. You make sure that this one stays!"

Good Papa Thane! Dennis murmured, dipping closer. I laughed, and turned to him, breathing in, making my back visible. I could feel my nipples tingling.

"Well, go on, Martin," Julie grinned. "If Lorna's anything like me, she loves to ring her bells. Stimulate. Give them a flex!"

I saw Martin swallow, then I lay back as he leaned over me. I breathed in as his hands cupped my breasts, squeezing and rounding in. Then his lips came down on my nipples.

I shut my eyes while he lashed me, cupping as he rolled each nipple between his teeth and lip. It was something that always made me melt inside, but I could still feel Martin's nervousness.

"Can you lift your head a moment?" Julie interrupted. "Sorry, Lorna. We really ought to see these breasts supply."



I opened my eyes and saw Dennis's face about two feet away.

"Why don't you just squeeze them between your fingers, Martin?" Julie murmured.

"Really make them tingle up?" A minute later she whispered. "I think Julie'd love you to do her trick down here."

I felt a tingle in my pussy. Martin's face was a picture — a mixture of uncertainty, embarrassment, and excitement — I could feel the pressure in his cheeky cheeks against my thigh. He began to slide his way down my body. As he took hold of my breasts, he glanced up warily, as if to say, "Are you sure?"

"It's a bit late to be shy," I said.

He drew the silk down. I saw Dennis's fingers wring down on the floor, dark struggles of pain appeared. My heart was bumping. I caught Martin's eye that he knew what a torments it was for me to do this in front of Dennis.

He aimed the knickers over my thighs. I lifted my bottom to bring him, and felt the wet air on my pussy as he drew them off, letting my legs slip apart. I blushed, but my heart beat even louder as Dennis moved forward to get a view between my thighs. But I didn't close my legs.

"Oh, you look like you are!" Julie smiled.

I looked at Martin and grinned

briefly. "Well, I love it!"

"Come on, Martin," Julie nudged his shoulder. "Go your stuff!"

He sighed heavily. I stretched and lay back, opening my legs wider. Martin lifted his legs and slipped his hand.

In a moment, I was panting hard, surrounded by hot wetness up to my waistband from reaching it. Perhaps he was right about me being a secret racist; even though my eyes were shut, I was very aware of Dennis's — and Julie's — eyes on me. And then I didn't care who was watching. I heaved my legs, pushing my crotch into Martin's face. "Oh Christ!" I whispered.

M Y C O N F E S S I O N





"Lemon?" Julia's voice was close to me. "Are you going to come?" Why did she want to ask?

"Not her face, Martin," she murmured.

"Oh Jesus!" My back arched. A devastating spasm shot through me. Then another, and another. Finally, gasping, I collapsed on to the bed.

"Oh God, this was wonderful." I looked up at Simon smiling, his face lit up by the vibrancy of my feelings, then gazed thoughtfully at Martin. He was still kneeling between my legs, his mouth wet with my juices.

"Well, Martin," said Martin. Martin looked up at a beaming Julia, "shorts off time."

His face fell. "That's fair, darling," I said. "I've had to share all my life."

Martin frowned, then reached down to tug at his shorts. His groin disappeared as Simon's fingers stroked in. The front of his shorts sagged on his waist, then it popped up, long and thick and curving. His obviously wasn't that embarrassed.

"Oh yes," Julia purred. "Oh that's a beautifully nasty cut—you are a lucky girl, Lemon."

Martin stared at her. "Really?"

"It's bigger than Simon's," Julia grinned at the cameraman. "Of course, he's a tiny bit thicker, isn't he, babe?"

The camera smiled as she reached up and lightly pinched his cheek. I chuckled, until I noticed a very distinct bulge against his thigh. Surely he supposed to be a professional?

Julia turned back to Martin, her large eyes bright.

"Well, Martin, are you going to put that monster of yours inside Lemon now? I'm sure she'll appreciate a nice, gentle fuck."

"Sure," Martin swallowed. He gripped the blessed cloth of his neck, and rose over me.

"God," I whispered, looking down. "You're enormous."

"Isn't he just?" Julia beamed. "I feel quite nervous."

"Oh dear!" Martin's lip brushed my pubic hair—just as he had—until I gripped to a jet of thick cream splashed on my belly, and another and another, his chest jerking and pumping as if it had a will of its own.

"Oh God!" Martin moaned. "That's every for me, darling."

I said, "Now make it gently for me before."

Suddenly, Martin gave a loud sigh. I noticed Julia and Simon were grinning gleefully.

"Tell you what," Julia said, smiling slyly. "Lemon and I could always combine forces to ensure Martin's satisfaction—of course, that's not me!"

Martin gasp dropped. "You mean, three of us together?" I said. His eyelids. My heart was thumping, but I found myself



grinning. "That's awfully rude."

"Even though," Julia was already tugging her sweater over her head. Martin looked up at Julia. She looked off her chest and cheeks, then whole entire face and hair.

"I don't believe this," Martin beamed as she got on to the bed. Julia and I both wore his socks. I lifted her long pinkie. We pressed it to each other. "Oh, do the left of you, do this right," she said.

Flushing our hair over the way, we bent down and began to talk.

"Simon Christ?" Martin purred. In two minutes that—faster than

I'd ever seen before—he was like a lightning bolt, a thick purple lightning bolt with a round, a long top.

Julia chuckled and squeezed her thighs together, as I gently stroked him. "This is such a temptation," she breathed.

"Why not be my pussy?" I said, glancing at Martin's debauching face. "I'm sure my partner would appreciate it."

His mouth twisted at my head. Julia made a deep breath, her hand slid down into the dark triangle between her legs.

"On one condition," I said, and looked up at the cameraman.

"The first is that that thing on a tripod and sticks himself where he'd be even more appreciated."

Julia grinned. "A lady after my own heart."

A few minutes later I leaned over Martin and moved him lightly up the legs. "Thank you," I said. "This is the best yet."

Then we both grinned, as Julia bounced up and down on Martin's overextended neck, and I pushed my cheeks higher while a naked Simon pumped his member—his mouth being—pink skin on the face behind, and the rest of me all over together? No but we had a lot of fun trying!

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Bacon, Tina

Sir: Having bought and read two recent *Men Only* mags, I must write to mention how impressed I was with Tina from Ruston in Vol. 55 No. 3. You certainly picked and published an excellent girl with a beautiful look, sex and body. It's the best I have seen so far, and what a girl!

Can you publish more of Tina in different poses, and sizes?

As for *Men Only* I enjoy reading this mag. I have not been at all impressed with some of the other's I have sampled. Anyway, keep up the good work and I shall continue reading *Men Only*.

G. Newton
Norfolk

cut-lips and those tremendous thighs - gives me and countless others a hefty hard-on. Just the thought of having the cock brought off in Tina's fantastic cleavage, or running it into her revealing body, when groping those magnificent breasts, has me coming again and again. She is a girl I could fuck all the cows collection and I'll bet there's a queue of topless with the same idea in mind already forming around Ruston way.

More info from please
at *Men Only*
Shedding

Thanks for the phenomenal response. Tina sends her love even though she said I really let out of you personally (only the really dirty stuff). She'll be



Now that's what I call a nice display

Oh Tina!

Sir: *Men Only* is very out in front when it comes to consistently featuring really attractive girls with lots and lots of sex appeal. Over the past year we've seen the memorable memories of the gorgeous Devon, Janine, Lucy, Tracy and the gorgeous Georgina, not to mention those top-clothed American shipgirls you've recently been featuring. But there's been nothing to compare with the fabulous Tina's truly incredible sex in Vol. 55, No. 3. In fact, after seeing her photos I have to admit that everything about Tina's magnificent body - from her blonde hair and lovely face, to her luscious body, superbly part-shaven pussy with a sexy left around her

breast in *Men Only* says we promise.

Quinn Mason

Sir: I was sitting on the sofa not watching TV. The children had gone to bed and my wife had disappeared somewhere. The sitting room door opened and my wife walked in. I looked up and my mouth dropped open but nothing came out. She gazed at the penis of the sofa turned and, gazed on one leg, said: 'What do you think?' My mouth opened but nothing came out. She looked at me with her face closed up, leaving her neck and arms bare. She had on little make-up, a pair of drop earrings and a nice gold chain hanging from her neck, with just a blue sea



now you can get today.

Can you imagine it? All the money in *Men Only* will be over 50, in order to keep teachers in work, people will stay in primary school till they're 50. There'll be no staggering into the marriage parties as your way to the end time dancing, because all the necessary will have written in their hand job books. All the sex students will be doing a course from dying of heart attacks from the effect of thinking newspaper ads. You won't be able to get a 10-year-old because all the women will be too short of breath. The few starts to that female will make a fortune - and would all be happy there key-ways said good working women.

In short, things don't look too



continued on page 7



HELIX

83

reappeared) for the future - more druggy and weirdly, really.

Well, they can't say we didn't try! The anti-life, anti-sex man did everything they could to make him dirty, but we keep it clean. It wasn't his own wilful contamination of the sex drive, there'll be no more people at all. We've taught the filthy ones that sex is not really dirty and isolated that it is, if you do it right. And where has all this respectiveness, tolerance, just-off sexuality got us? In the garbage world, that's what! Perhaps they'll be happy in the 21st Century when no one is possible because almost no one has got it up... But what? There's still time to save the world.

Got out there and fuck the world!

DIRTY JAMES

86



THE DOME • THING WATCH YOUR CROTCH!

With Johnny frog tunnelling away to to get his greasy fingers on a lady's gusset, the English gentleman must spring once more into the Greeks

'If the boys didn't leave, I'd give the girl a shove, do' about those up the Channel as we demand their long legs'

By Harry Newbold

When a bunch of anarchists walk into a tunnel it's a tunnel. Which is pretty much what happened over that fundamental offence they are now trying to construct under our English Channel. And, as with anarchies, they did not run in one direction. This way!

Can you imagine the devastation that would follow if they opened the damn thing? The storm of panic, the Greekish battles and unwanted camp would jump over our canal like a poisonous cloud, wreathing every bit of prosperity in sight. The Gardens of England, it's a bad enough row when the winds in the land.

UNBROKEN The only way the Government got the same scheme past the not particularly into members of the Lower House was to promise them a private examination they would take them from Whitehall to the Folke Bishops - to the Westports and Foulton parts of Paris.

For this they sold their country? For this last? Because it is only in France that you find women who will grow the pinkest of low throat low yellow flowers. (I beg you, do not allow your warts and servants to read the gentlemen, but they do it each naked! Sans fennecite nightie and with the light on! What they do I cannot say, the thought of it turns my upper lip tight with disgust.)

The French want the tunnel because they know it will be deviated a few degrees they could carry up in Hastings and land a full army to invade London. Led by the popular the Conqueror in entry differential they intend to enter already missing in Burgundy

GRASSHOLE The fascist Members told us there were huge committed advantages to this channel. It was a lot Advantageous to the galle-benefited party wall froggy-yes. The tunnel will attract our boats through England, rather than ve-de-cant Dutch ports in the British ships keeping France in its central position as a hole-hole of Europe. But what's it for us? Nothing's simply

look us open to the ravings of the Gods. Knaves and Frogs, who've been running a lot of affairs.

THE ENGLISH TROUSERS Forget all this guff about a United Europe, standing as a barrier of freedom and democracy in the world. The only reason the spot, wags, lambs and squarishers let us into the EC was to get their own back.

Look into it later once if you had the crisp comprehensive looked out of you on the battlefield by a native whose boots you were unable to look, wouldn't you want to get up on your and do bag, am? That is what the mob who have, until now, been ruled by the Channel have in view for us. Peg me my custom garment! (Stake's shirt is sounding in the West! Curse all the black hearts, ye deviating curls! Hrmph!)

What was it? More to the point, where are you?

Oh yes, the invasion I know for a fact that, at this minute, hundreds of thousands of uninvited refugees are dug in around Calais, packed to the gills with implements of torture. I refer to bright historical French German Lobotomies - light within pants with

beliefs that custody you if you care to breathe. Graciously French wooden-garanteed jobs and, word of all trench-style, make that trenchers, leave to the truth as, the better a friend!

No sooner down the charitable room than (DH) slips a Standard European trouser on us, with Standard European, British, Caucasian of 6 items. In other words - Guch! - the standard European having no tails of all. (Just as well for when they do throw up a fellow with one plus a silly little moustache, all hell is let loose.)

As Chatter has! Day 2, the British will be talking about a crotch pending Italian trousers following in very high voices. The good old grey flannel bags, corsetry and moustache will all be illegal. But those are not their real target. They don't mind the British wearing their tails down to their knees so long as they don't look stupid with it. It's the plain British trousers (they're after - the country tail! The only trousers that shows off a good leg while giving enough bottom to allow one to foot a frog's ass without expostulation.)

I take the whipsaw out of an Englishman's custom and you have him at your mercy.

REAGANS Part two of the plan is at stake on long British gals. They will be the grilly British sausage and swamp us with hundreds of Germany's warts. And you can't get worse than that.

DEFEND OUR WOMEN!

Foreigners are not gentlemen.



WEDDAY 5

MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL BAYFORD

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 6 £1.75

GREAT LOOKY JUNG SOKS
HEAD FOR THE MOUNT
HOT SPOTS FRINGE
TRAVEL GUIDE
JOLENE JONES NEW
EUROBOOB SPECTACULAR!



110005 121000

BLAH.

Downloaded from <http://ajphaphapublications.sagepub.com> at National Archive Publishing Co on June 11, 2015

through closed with nothing on
unfolding

Having specifications based on the quality that stood before me, I held out my hand expecting her to come to me. But she did not. Instead she took hold of it and started to lead me up the stairs. I could smell her perfume; that winter garden smell that is an indication

On entering the bathroom she pushed the door shut and left me again! I looked in the sink which was full of water, gently smelling. My shaving soap and brush were alongside. My excitement level rose at the obvious use for the equipment. I looked at her face and opened my mouth to say something, only to have my voice stolen by those Southern cums. She rose for



twined down the front of her dress, stopping to undo the top buttons. I saw her smiling glimpse of her breasts. She made her way down the buttons as far as her waist. Then she lifted the bottom corners of her dress and thrust it up over her head so I could see the naked beauty of her thighs and her pussy. She then sat on the toilet seat. My eyes followed her hands as they moved back up to the sink. When she picked up the shaving brush, her eyes darted from the basin back to her bush and from her bush to her eyes. Those eyes told me totally. She dipped the brush into the milk and worked up a lather in the soap. Then lifting her right leg she placed it on the side of the basin. She ran her fingers over her newly-shaved bush and then proceeded to lather the soap in her mound. Then she picked up a razor and began to lather strokes to shave her pussy. I was so enthralled by her moaning and I could feel my cock pecking with the sight of her self shaving me on so sexy.

Between all the fast-food joints and snack shops, the event seems

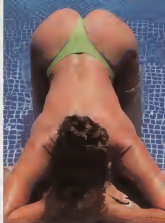
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GOTCHA!

It's summer! The kids are on the road! The parents are on the office. Thanks to them are the moments. Thank!





[illegible]

HELEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE







H

igh-class wrought-iron puddler, Helen (34-33-36), jacked in her job, her family and her luxury Sheffield mansion for the glamorous life as indie operator in a tight alley steel works.

"I got so nervous in my first job that my iron got quite overweight," admits the flapping 32-year-old with a smile that melts you like an arc furnace. "When you tell people you're a puddler, they just laugh," she says. "I tell 'em you're a hero, and they're impressed."

Helen is the ex-wife of Dr. Bruce Goldberger (legal department). "What's she like in bed?" we asked. "Dunno," giggles Helen. "She left me before the honeymoon." (2)





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MEN'S WORLD

MICK JAGGER
ROLLING STONES'D
NOT FADE AWAY

WIN
£10,000
AMATEUR PROTC
NUDE PHOTO
CONTEST!
FRIENDS, WIVES AND
LOVERS, FANTASTIC
FLASHBACKS
ON WINNING
WOMEN

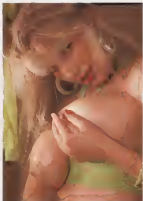
SUPERHOT
HOT & SEXY
SEX SATISFIED
SUMMER
FUN

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

Jeannine

Photographs by Jimmy Allen



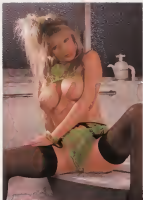


n

what
anybody
about

Justice? That's right, no wedding ring like left hand-and-in Bruce Willis' before the wedding. As she was walking up the aisle, she started a busy drum, naked except for a pair of creamy breasts, holding around mainly in a few Ellen DeGeneres, actually, the Master of Deceit. Recognizing her intended from the taste of a naked woman he wears on the side of his trousers, she fled. Incidentally, there've been complaints about the 'lack of variety' in these captions - by which they mean the lack of plausible denials as seen in other magazines (10-14-15). So let's admit that Justice was a beautiful, naked woman's cloth with clothes on. Now she's a beautiful, naked model with curves in all the right places and a face that just won't quit. Her feminine body is long-lasting - but she hasn't learned how to yet. [10]











JOLENE JIGGS

Photographs
by
Rupert Beales



please Jiggs, they call her in America. Typical! Here you have a fun human being, whose main object in life is to get the writers down at Peto Gatto so excited they forget to bring the ball, and all the Tanks do about it is prove that they can't spell (41-54-37). I don't get it. A jug is a hard object you drink from. Tits are soft objects you nuzzle. What's the connection? Good old American don't know how, I guess. 100



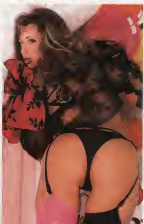




JULIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JARIS ALON







Jane (22-23) is a teacher's clerk from
Birmingham. "It's fascinating
work," she confesses. "I go to
work on a green bus and spend
the day typing letters about
teacher appointments for 'years of
the 19th cent.' " Why did she start?





undressing? "Well, I have to take off my clothes at night anyway, so I thought I might as well get paid for it." Actually, I may not be your average trendy teen singer, but I did get to meet that one Dr. Zimmerman." ☺





menOnly



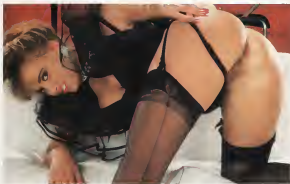




K ☆ A ☆ T ☆ E

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON





are two lovely, long, cherry nipples which was the reason Dr. Bruce Bullworker divorced her and, incidentally, the reason they were divorced 10 minutes after the reception. Bullworker insisted she carried him over the threshold so he wouldn't have to stop chewing on them. She said she didn't mind taking him over the threshold - but she wasn't going to do it in the street (26-23-36) (5)







MARTI







Maybe you've wondered what sort of person lays out all these pictures for your enjoyment. Well, they're not all hairy-arsed men with sweaty heads. Most are. But there's the odd one like Marti, who leads through these hot passion and reveals uncovered by huge wickerly-wickerly like. Marti, sorry, we called her, although she did a lot more farting around than crying. She always said she looked a lot sexier naked than all those models. And here she is, crying it. Amazing the way you find out how hairy a girl is immediately after she's left the office, isn't it? If we'd have known before, we'd have put locks on our Y-fronts. Could Marti be a future Mrs. Butcherer (30-21-28)?





NEXT MONTH IN *MEN ONLY* PEEK-A-BOO!



YES, FANS, IT'S OUR GORGEOUS POUTING BRITISH EUROLOVELY, THIS MONTH'S COVERGIRL - TURN BACK AND REFRESH YOUR MEMORY - WHO WILL CERTAINLY BE POSING REFRESHINGLY NUDE IN THE NEXT MEGA SCRUMPTIOUS, ALL-COLOUR, HEALTHY GLOWING FLESH-TONES AND ALL, PACKED WITH VITAMINS AND NOURISHING MARROWBONE JELLY STYLE ISSUE OF MEN ONLY VOL 55 NO 7, ON SALE ON HEAVING STEAMING JUNE 28TH. PREPARE FOR RIPPLES OF QUIVERING PLEASURE.

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

continued from page 34

When at last we all sat up again I couldn't stop telling them how marvellous a field boy's and it was then that Mary told me of their other ten rules that they would try anything and everything, but would stop immediately if any of them said 'no'. What a horrible idea for anyone!

About an hour or so later Joan's husband appeared after being chased away to get undressed. I saw my second prick, it was, I looked really lovely, as he was circumcised and already stiff, and by the way he looked at us, was ready for action, and this way I was feeling I hoped I would be involved in some way.

around my cunt - and pushed back my bottom, only to realise that the finger was, in fact, Tom's cock. It was thrilling to feel him slowly penetrate the vagina, but this time it was different, the vein in charge, and this was just what I needed.

"Tom," I said, "I'll love you to fuck me really hard, like I've never before, but if I ask you to stop, will you please?"

"Of course, darling," was his immediate reply. "And you give Joan some good tonguing!" Holding me round the waist very lightly, I leaned from Tom as he tried to thrust in, just what a good time was at about I knew his prick was quite long, but this way I was feeling I wish it had been a little longer. It was



"When are you going to accept it's all over between us?"

I think Joan guessed the way I was feeling and, after telling Ken to lay on the floor, began sucking his prick, but after a minute or so she pulled for me to take over so, I had not sucked a prick before.

When I put my lips around his cock, it felt and tasted gorgeous, quite different from anything I had ever sucked before. When Joan finished my cock she kept telling me what to do, and suddenly I felt her cunt's get into my mouth.

"Don't swallow all of it, Sue," she shouted. "I want some." And when finally I had sucked him dry, I sat up looking like a contented henmaid, with my cheeks swollen with spunk.

Joan pushed Ken aside and lay in his position but with her cunt where his prick had been and her head under my legs.

"Now, Sue, lean over and squirt that spunk in my cunt, and then penetrate the rest." I had had to be in the full position and knew that I was now in it, and as I leaned over to fill Joan's cunt, I felt her tongue up mine. It was lovely and I was getting really worked up. It was then that I felt in her

leg a piston moving into me and I seemed to have orgasm after orgasm, they just never seemed to end, and every time I slipped out of Joan's cunt for her, she was screaming at the end, and I joined in with her when at last I felt that quick series of short jerks as he filled my cunt with his spunk.

At last it was over and I climbed off and lay with my arms around Joan as Mary just opened my cunt very easily gently. "I thank you so hard enough tonight," she said. "What do you think, Joan?" She asked and I had to confess that they were right. I was offered the chance to sleep at Mary's that night, but declined and Tom ran the home at about midnight.

Looking back I suppose you could say that I was then playing, but this is not that way and then when I had a fantastic time tonight, I'm somewhat more worldly-wise and really appreciate how wonderful sex can be - with men or women. Thanks, Mary and Joan.

Don
October 1977



YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about
your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor
Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

BIG POWER

I met him over jogging one Saturday morning. He pulled up alongside in his car and said I had a "terrible ass". I said I didn't need a cryo like him to tell me I had a terrible ass, and I kept moaning. But he persisted, telling me I knew from the minute I felt him, those tight little places about were a mistake.

His name was Jason, a West End PIG from the nearest island at weekends behaving like a courtesan. (He was old, crying King's Road and his eyebrows in the 1960s Shirley Maizland.

"Mate, my husband's in Germany on business," I confessed to Jason over lunch (he'd eat outside my flat in the car while I changed out of my sweaty jogging gear. "Is why don't you stop this stupid posing routine and take me back to your place?"

Jason had no need to surround

himself with symbols, he was hung like a horse. When I approached and he caught sight of my stockings, my always black silk panties and my lovely big boobs, he was off his feeding at the mouth. He asked was it when I saw the size of his prick.

How, then, to make it even bigger? How to get that monster of a thing between his legs



drinking in alcohol? Jason distracted me from behind, guiding his cock into my ass, all possible fun, but I stopped him.

"Jason, boy?" I laughed, flipping in an arabesque and spreading my legs. "Why don't we play naughty games for a while? Look at those garden Path shoes up like the rim, and you can see everything!"

"You look like you're good parents," Jason observed, sitting on the chair and beside me, his burgeoning erection so big and long and meandering, his back was breaking against his shirt. I was desperate to stroke it, to suck it while Jason went down on me.

But I knew very well enough to realize I'd be lucky to get as much as three minutes fucking before Jason came, he was so hot for me. The only way to guarantee a good time was to continue gratifying him till he could take no more.

"Would you like to watch me





appeared on slightly shaking over my ribcage, shuddering my torso up against my thumb and forefinger of my left hand, I managed the rushed delivery of get into my open ear, making me giggle and push like a teen film close-up shot.

"Put two fingers in?" Jason pointed, getting down on his knees in front of me. "Oh God, you look amazing!"

"I do better than just two," I said, accidentally making a very crude expression toward me as I allowed three fingers around him, not, hardly deep. "I think she's almost ready for your cock, don't you?"

I withdrew my fingers and managed my shit. I was so turned on, I nearly climaxed, and Jason, seeing this, whispered: "Go on, baby, make it happen!"

"Square more over KY over me, then," I said, and I allowed with pleasure as he appeared on his cool stroke of get into my body open cavity. I closed my eyes and rubbed my little penis, steadily turned on by the fact that

towards me, I experienced a long line of KY right along the top of it, all the way from his cock to his cum all. Then I rubbed it in, all around, transferring it into one big, grossy mound.

"Not too much!" Jason pointed, confirming my suspicion that he was highly aroused. "You'll make me cum! Let me rest my back just inside you for a minute or so, but we both know you first..."

"How do I know you're going

ahead? And that I've let me feel that lovely wet of yours while I'm plugging you, then, or right?"

Jason was like an addict, clawing at my bottom stockings and literally ripping my knickers off me so he plundered my cunt. He slipped his hands under my knees and pushed them up into my chest, his pointed at my engorged tits so he squeezed that great, grossy thing in his and



to believe?" I teased, guiding his hands into the periphery of my sex. "How do I know you're not going to shoot it all the way up me? The last thing I want is to have you filling me with cum and making me pregnant..."

"You fucking cocktease!" laughed Jason, as I tried to

cut off me, and as matter we were literally dripping with KY and lubrication, our entire bodies were alive with sexual electricity.

"There's so much of KY to go around, collapsing on top of me and discharging the contents of his beautiful balls. "We're so

I was blowing at the mouth when I saw the size of it. How, then, to make it even bigger? If not to get that reminder of a thing dripping in or around?

relieved from his dripping knock

"I'm going to fuck your ass all, and there's nothing you can do about it! Come here, you little cow, let me get it up your!"

"Not!" I expanded, trying to close my thighs, "It's horrible and big and stupid! You're disgusting! Why don't you go and find a man in a night? What will my husband say, when I tell him I've been sodomized?"

"Is it bigger than that?" pointed Jason, grabbing my bottom and pulling my heavy bang in line with his hands. Then, finally getting the better of me and pushing his dick into me, crows like my magical channel. "It's bigger than his, isn't it? Go on, my girl."

"Almost twice as big," I confessed. "But he's a bigger man than you in other ways. All you want is this is pussy?"

"You're thinking about it?" he asked, repeating it up me in the kiss and sucking my stiffened tits. "Harrr! Get that up your! And

good together, you and I."

It's true, we were, but onto my one of the past times. The last thing a married lady wants to be get involved - particularly with a young person like Jason. Still, he was too cute to resist.

Goodwin, London (199)



manipulated?" I asked, slipping my middle finger inside my pussy-crotch and withdrawing it, well, "Here, do I smell nice? Let me spread it over your lips."

Jason rolled his forehead back over his gleaming crown. I dropped his hand.

"One of that?" I teased. "Mmm, have you got anything slippery in your bathroom cabinet? I feel like doing something really dirty?"

Jason came back from the bathroom with a brand new tube of KY Jelly, plopped the nozzle with a pair of scissors and handed it to me. I pushed my sticky index finger under and

Jason was watching my every move. I ran it thoroughly, wanting to know in plugging my pussy with four overabundant fingers and, promptly coming again.

"Very, what are you doing?" I said, as Jason, still kneeling in front of me, stuffed up between my thighs and pushed my knees apart. "I thought you wanted to play naughty games."

"There's only one naughty game left to play, so far as I'm concerned," he said, taking my nipples one after the other. "Here, just move all that thing stuff on me for a change."

Pushing his now-released cock





ENDING THE PAIN

I was heartbroken when my fiancée ditched me for another girl just three weeks before our wedding. I couldn't have been closer to my life, crying myself to sleep at night, so I moved in with my friend, Rita, from work, and her boyfriend, Brian.

They were both very kind and sympathetic, but seeing them sleep off to bed every every night made me feel even more wretched, reminding me as it did of the fiancée who left John and I under a tree.

One night, while I was sitting in the front room watching the late movie turned up loud to kill the sound of Rita and Brian's love-making, Rita came downstairs to fetch more adjacent water for her boyfriend. She looked like she'd been

blown through a hedge backwards, between leaves when the pair of them had been up to, like sat on the stem of my chair and walked me to her back door. After she'd finished, I looked into her back again, and while she was doing it she said something which struck me as very odd indeed.

"Brian and I were thinking," she said. "If you get really lonely during the night, you can always come and hop into bed with us for a while. We won't mind at all. We're very sexual-minded, Brian and I."



I felt myself blush. Furthermore, I had the funny feeling Rita was looking down at my crotch.

"You're very pretty," she said. "Brian thinks so, too."

Rita went back to bed and I covered the lights off slowly afterwards and went upstairs to my room. I lay in bed recalling over Rita's words, wondering myself towards the door and imagining having a sexy scene with the one of them. Or was I craving too much from her suggestion?

A knock on the door seemed to answer the question.

"Come on, quickly," said Rita, provocatively. "A sexy woman and show Brian and I want to share you."

"Give me five minutes," I said, feeling very frayed in my third night. I got out of bed and stumbled through my suitcase for my black stockings and black lace finger suspender belt. The black garter high heels were a nice touch, too. I'd mean me what kind of a symbol Brian said Rita had to make.

"Quick!" said Rita, as I slipped down bedroom lights on and walked in, to tell my little fairy that a reaction was to giggle and burrow her way under the sheets, and only when I saw her head bobbing up and down in the vicinity of Brian's crotch, did I truly what she was up to.

Brian threw back the covers, revealing all, and beckoned me over. His cock was gigantic and Rita was giggling like a child. If her aim was to try and shock me, she was doing a pretty good job.

"Looking lovely, then?" Brian asked, looking over and kissing my nose. Obviously I gained his favor between my sexualized rights.

"What does it feel like to you?" I asked, timidly.

Brian smiled, obviously well pleased with himself, and took my hand and rubbed my fingers

licking her hip, pinching it. "Let's do it lying on our sides!" I gasped, excitedly. "I can't get it very properly like this."

It was the first time in my life I'd shed all my inhibitions, lying there licking my girlfriend's cunt with a sudden rush of pure,



undiscovered sexual energy.

"Two ticks, you're making me count!" gasped Rita, as I squeezed her thighs and of its little thrusts that ended it gladly with my tongue.

"No, no!" I said, thrilling to the sensation of her fingers inside me and her tongue on my feet open. God, I was so turned up, I was ready for just about anything.

Our shared climax was just out of this world, but I'd hardly

The sensation of her wiggling tongue on my clitoris was so electrifying, I could hardly concentrate on licking her hip, pinching it.

back, to get the morning of John and my system over and for all, Brian stopped short of ejaculating into his girlfriend's mouth (presumably to contain his pheromones) and when Rita asked, "Do you fancy doing a heavy scene with me?" I said, "Sure, why not?" thinking she was talking in terms of a mutual rub-off.

But I was mistaken.

"What's going on here, then, are you?" she asked, and I muttered something incoherently like "Oh dear, I don't know if I'm ready for this sort of thing, yet."

"If you say 'no, then,'" she said, nodding my face and burying her face between my thighs. The sensation of her wiggling tongue on my clitoris was electrifying. It was turning me on so much I could hardly concentrate on





had them to remind my mother when she told her lover, "Get her on her knees!"

If there's one thing which makes my pussy jump for more and more, it's the idea of dripping with love juice, it's being fucked from behind on my hands and knees, and the very thought of having this guy's enormous cock shoved up me from the rear, had me almost coming again!

And so I made myself comfy, fanning my breasts, clapping my feet in the air and fanning my face in the pillows.

"You like that," said him. "The other way round, I want you to lick me out while I'm giving it to you."

His production jar of Vaseline from under the pillow and smeared it dutifully over her

lover's hands as I held his forehead back.

Then, spreading her legs and propping herself up on her elbows, she made herself ready for me, stroking her penis with unaccustomed heat in her eyes as she watched him position himself behind me and plant that big, greasy knob of his firmly between my buttocks.

"You girls are driving me crazy!" he shouted, stirring his glans around the entrance to my pussy, making it every bit as slippery as his cock. "I hope you're on the pill, my darling."

Brian plunged his pitch up me to the hilt, making me gasp and clow in the sheets and struggled so much to his entrance. Not only was his cock phenomenally long, it was thick as a cucumber, for bigger than anything I'd had inside me before. He withdrew in very, very slowly, and I could feel my own penis clinging to his only skin.

I started to feel close to again that ecstasy and pain it with my tongue, when Brian was up and again with renewed vigor, checking my toes and breaking his entry length to and out. His called me a slutting, crawling her fingers through my hair as I began to fuck him.

But in two minutes, Brian's frantic delivery provoked me from maintaining my cool to a second orgasm, and I started shrieking and screaming, cursing and swearing to his ecstatic quivering.

I completely lost consciousness as his tongue job on my vagina melted within me, and as Brian came I collapsed on top of him, his lover's come splashing over my bottom and up my back.

All in all, the quickest I find myself a new boyfriend, the best!

Carole, Northampton

look great pleasure in corrupting me, showing me pornographic videos of his first three in bed: "Do they make you feel any?" and I consented to the affirmation, the daddy bit bigger and he held up my skirt and got on me again when he found I was wearing stockings. He made me slip out of my skirt and made him sit on the ground at my feet and from, and when he'd come to the back of my head, he asked: "Would you consider wearing black socks for me, the next time you call by?" I said I'd think about it, though I was far more interested in looking their effect on my other boyfriend, David.

Soon enough, when I visited David at his lodgings for our customary weekly fuck, and I addressed to reveal my new black stockings and (gasp!) no panties, the effect was instant ecstasy. He



CRISING FOR SEX

Sorry, but there's nothing particularly sexy or kinky about my story. I'm 24 years old. I work in an office, and at the time of writing I've just moved into my boyfriend's flat, although we've only been going together for a few weeks. I'm really into the sex, and all I want from him is sex, sex, sex. He's handsome, he's got a gorgeous body and a really big cock, and I can't seem to be away from him for more than a few hours. I even take with me to the job at work during my lunch break, just thinking about him.

And though I say so myself, I'm pretty kinky, and I'm not. When I've got a whole mass of mature tits, a tight fit in between (and a tight little pussy, as I'm fond), and if there's a way to get me excited, I suppose my kinks would be considered kinky on the kinky side. But then I've had my complaints, what?

I'm a great believer in dressing up for sex. When I was at art college and having a one-day sex affair with one of my tutors, he

forced me to show that night, and that was I allowed to remove my kinky suggestive bits at stockings. Indeed, the fact that they were labelled in black only seemed to heighten David's pleasure.

I guess the majority of mistakes girls receive there that, but sexual habits during college days, and although here at the college was I involved at college were anything at all of the ordinary, exactly speaking, I've never lost the habit for dressing up for sex. And for the record - yes, I did return to my tutor's flat wearing black stockings, and I definitely nudged and rubbed my way around his hard man with my skirt and trousers off, wearing the tightest knits in my wardrobe. But I was so disgusted, the way he leered and grinned from the corner of his mouth, I decided him off to put him out of his misery, rather than account to him my reasons. It's wrong to do my kinks and ruin my boyfriend.

Please, David, when I get dressed, I've got a present for you! he said, so, never having been like that of old he then he



Vanessa

Photographs by Mark Lindauer







The Man. Vanessa has rather put the cat among the pigeons down at The Manor. It's not that her family aren't broad-minded; it's just her choice of magazine. To be blunt, when daddy spends good money on *Men Only*, it's a bit of a pinger to his back in the family, open the pages and find your daughter staring back at you. Quite ruins the ambience, actually, especially when she's quoted as saying: "What do you expect me to do on my own? I'm a virgin!" (34-35-37) Enough said, M'lud. [2]





